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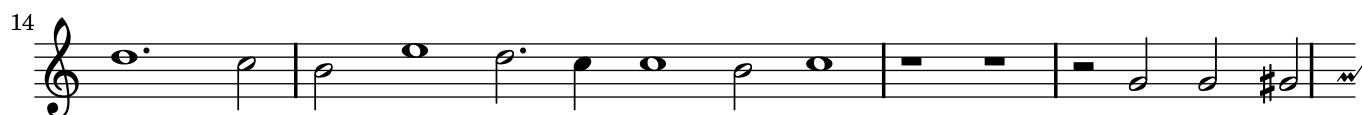
**I. I saw my Lady weepe,**  
**To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.**

Canto

John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, and  
 Sor- row was there made faire, And  
 O fay- rer then ought ells, The



sor- row proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire  
 pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be-  
 world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i-



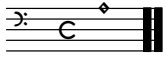
eies, in those faire eies where all per- fec- tions keepe, hir face was  
 yond all speech, be- yond all speech, a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir  
 nough, i- nough, i- nough, your joy- full lookes ex- cells, Teares kills the



full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be- leeve me as) wins more  
 sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad - ness  
 heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in



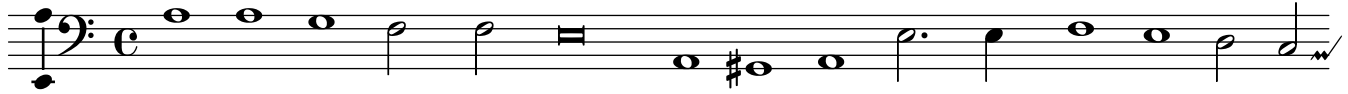
hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing parts.  
 move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.  
 woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.



# I. I saw my Lady weepe,

Basso

John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my  
Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was  
O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer



La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe, and sor- row proud to bee ad-  
there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire, And pas- sion wise, teares a de-  
then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells, The world can shew, leave of in



van- ced so: in those faire eies, faire eyes, where all per- fec- tions keepe:  
light- full thing, Si- lence be- yond, be- yond, all speech a wis- dome rare,  
time to grieve, I- nough, i- nough, in- ough your joy- full lookes ex- cells,



hir face was full full of woe, But such a woe as  
Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a  
O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in woe, Teares kills the



wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, in- ty- sing parts.  
sad- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.  
heart be- lieve, Which one- ly breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.



## II. Flow my tears

### Lachrimae.

#### Canto.

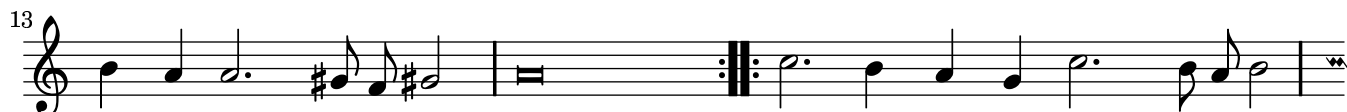
John Dowland



Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex- ilde for ev- er:  
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-



Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there  
nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light



let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver may my woes be re-  
doth but shame dis- close. From the high- est spire of con-



lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones  
tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine



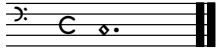
my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri- ved.  
for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.



Harke you sha- dowes that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,



Hap- pie, hap- pie they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.



## II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.

John Dowland



Flow teares from your springs Ex-ild for ev- er let mee mourne where  
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e-nough for those that



nights black bird hir sad in- fa- mysings, there let me live for-lorne.  
in dis- pair their for-tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close.



Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is  
From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes



fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry dayes all  
throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de- serts are



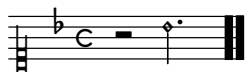
joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne  
hopes, hope is gone.



light, Hap- py: hap- py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

<sup>1</sup> Original has a quarter note.

<sup>2</sup> This note is missing in the original.



### III. Sorrow sorrow stay,

Canto

John Dowland

Sor- row sor- row stay, lend true re- pen- tant teares, to a

10 woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing

19 feares: doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart af- fright, pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty,

27 pit- ty, pit- ty, pit- ty, help now or ne- ver, mark me not to end- lesse paine, mark

34 me not to end- lesse paine, a- las I am con- dempne'd, a-

41 las I am con- dempne'd, I am con- demp- ned e- ver, no hope, no help, ther doth re-

48 maine, but downe, down, down, down I fall, but downe, down, down, down I fall, downe

55 and a- rise, downe and a- rise, I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe, downe downe, I fall,

but downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a-

69 rise, (1) I ne- ver shall.

### III. Sorrow sorrow stay,

Basso

John Dowland

Sor- row sor- row stay, lend true re- pen- tant teares, lend true re- pen- tant re- pen- tant

11 teares, to a woe- full, woe- full wretch- ed wight, hence, hence, dis- paire with they tor- ment- ing

18 feares, with they tor- ment- ing feares, Oh doe not my poore heart my poore heart af- fright: **A**

25 pit- tie, pit- tie, help now or ne- ver, mark mee not to end- lesse paine, O mark

34 me not to end- lesse paine, a- lasse I am con- dem- ned, con- dem- ned e- ver: a- lasse I am

41 con- dem- ned, con- demn- ed, I am con- demn'd e- ver, no hope, no help, ther doth re-

48 **B** maine, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, but downe, down, down, down, down,

54 down I fall, downe and a- rise, downe and a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall, but downe, downe,

62 downe, downe, downe I fall, but downe, downe, downe, downe, downe, downe I fall, downe and a-

68 rise, downe and a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise, a- rise I ne- ver shall.

<sup>1</sup>I suspect that there should be a tie between this and the previous note; Dowland has them on two separate lines, but doesn't provide a new word.



### III. Dye not beefore thy day,

Cantus

John Dowland

Dye not bee- fore thy day, poore poore man con-dem- ned,

9 But liift thy low lookes, but lift thy low lookes from the hum- ble earth,

16 kisse not dis-paire and see sweet hope con-tem- ned: The hag hath

22 no de-light, but mone but mone for mirth, O fye poore

30 fond- ling, O fye poore fond- ling, fie fie be will- ing, to pre- serve thy

38 self from kill- ing: Hope thy keep- er glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and

43 will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing song.



### III. Dye not beefore thy day,

Bassus.

John Dowland

9 Dye not bee- fore thy day, poore man con- demn'd, but

17 lift thy low looks, but lift thy low lookes, thy lookes from t'hum- ble earth, kisse

24 not dis- paire and see sweet hope con- tem- ned: The hag hath no de- light,

32 but mone but mone for mirth, O fye O fye

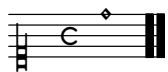
39 fye poore fond- ling, fye fye be will- ing, to pre- serve thy self from

43 kill- ing, Hope hope thy keep- er is glad for to free thee, and bids thee goe and

will not see thee, hye thee quick- ly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir will- ing song.

<sup>0</sup> Flat is editorial

<sup>2</sup> rest is editorial



## V. Mourne, mourne,

Canto

John Dowland

Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse fled, what heaven

5 then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead,

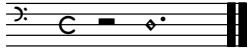
8 choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more

14 day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they may in darke-

18 nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change our de- light,

23 that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.

<sup>1</sup>Note that this is the kind of breve that takes up a whole measure, so it's 3 whole notes in the triple meter, or you can count it as two if you count the C meter as starting on this measure.



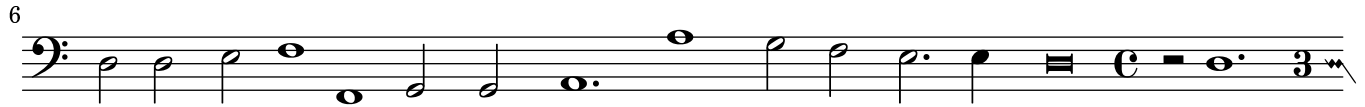
## V. Mourne, mourne,

Basso

John Dowland



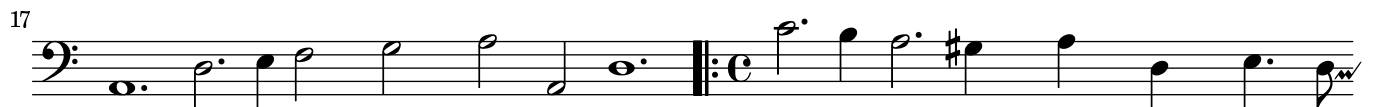
Mourne daies with dark- nesse fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth,



O none but hell in hea-vens stead, Chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourne



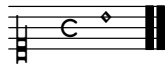
looke now for no more day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they



may, In dark- nesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, must



change must change de- light, That thus the Sunne should har- bour with the night.



## VI. Times eldest sonne,

Canto.

John Dowland

Times eld- est sonne, olde age the heyre of ease, Strengths foe, loves

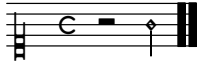
10 woe, and fos- ter to de- vo- tion, bids gal- lant youths in mar- shall

19 prow- es please, as for him- selfe, hee hath no earth- ly mo- tion,

29 But thinks sighes teares, voves, pra- iers, and sa- cri- fi- ces,

38 As good as showes, maskes, justes, or tilt de- vi- ses. ses.





## VII. Then sit thee downe,

### Second part.

#### Canto.

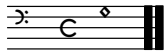
John Dowland

Then sit thee downe, and say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis, with De pro-

10 fun- dis, Cre- do, and Te De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so fit is, as

20 that, or this, Pa- ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy

30 hart, thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.



## VII. Then sit thee downe,

Second part.

Bassus.

John Dowland

Then sit thee downe, and say thy Nunc Di- mit- tis, with De pro- fun- dis,

11 Cre- do, and Te De- um, Chant Mi- se- re- re for what now so fit is, as that, or

21 this, Pa- ra- tum est cor me- um, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy

30 hart, thou canst not please hir with a bet- ter part. O that thy part.



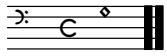
## VIII. When others sings Venite exaltemus,

Third part.

Canto.

John Dowland

When o-thers sings *Ve-ni-te ex-al-te-mus*, stand by and turne  
 11 to *No-li e-mu-la-ri*, For *qua-re fre-mu-e-runt use o-re-mus*  
 21 *Vi-vat E-li-za*, *Vi-vat E-li-za*, For an *a-ve*  
 30 *ma-ri*, and teach those swains that lives a-bout thy cell, to  
 38 say *A-men A-men* when thou dost pray so well.



**VIII. When others sings Venite exaltemus,**

**Third part.**

**Basso.**

John Dowland



When o-thers sings *Ve-ni-te ve-ni-te ex-al-te-mus*, stand by and



turne to *No-li to no-li e-mu-la-ri*, For *qua-re fre-mu-e-runt* use o-



*re-mus*, *Vi-vat E-li-za*, *Vi-vat E-li-za*, For an



*a-ve ma-ri*, and teach those swains that lives a- bout thy cell, to sing



*A-men A-men* when thou dost pray so well.

*Heere endeth the Songs of two parts.*



## IX. Praise blindness eies,

Canto.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine

2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-

3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.

**Lenvoy:**



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

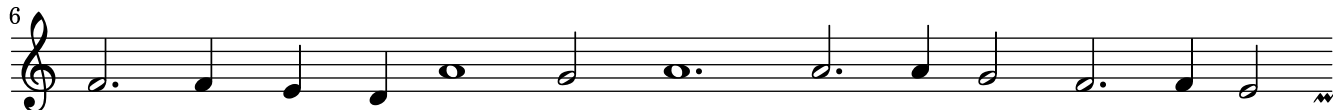
## IX. Praise blindness eies,

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine  
 2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-  
 3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
 to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
 is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
 art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
 bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

<sup>1</sup> The underlay is confusing. The Lenvoy section is printed after the first verse, which has one set of words and a repeat sign. The verse printed at the bottom of the canto part is two sets of words for the A music, but the Lenvoy section is specified to be sung only after the second set. The repeat signs occur in the lute part, at the end of the A section in the Canto part, and in Lenvoy for all parts, but not in the A section of any of the other vocal parts. There are other reasonable interpretations, but I think Dowland probably meant Lenvoy to be sung (and repeated) after all three verses are sung. I would not repeat any of the A section words, i.e., I would sing the A section 3 times with different words each time.

<sup>2</sup> The Canto part is written with no flats or sharps in the key signature; all other parts are written with a key signature of one flat.

<sup>3</sup> Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is in Tenore and Basso.

<sup>4</sup> Fermata does not appear in this part in the original, but is all the other parts.

<sup>5</sup> Fermata does not appear here in the original, but is in the Tenore and Bassus parts.



## IX. Praise blindness eies,

Tenore.

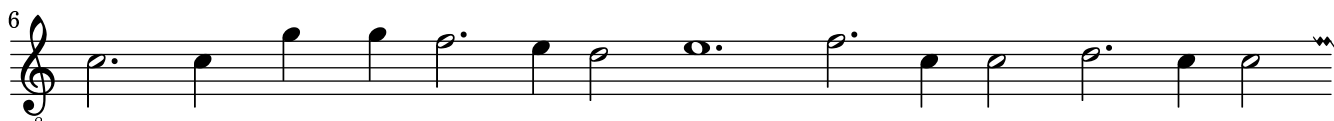
John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine

2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-

3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- ter- ing windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.

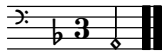


**Lenvoy:**

And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame, my dreame, was true, and yet I love.



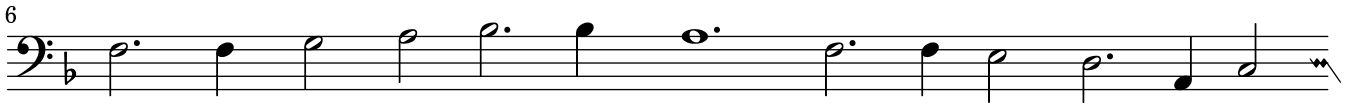
## IX. Praise blindness eies,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Praise blind-ness eies, for see- ing is de- ceit, Bee dumbe vaine
2. And if thine eares false Har- alds to thy hart, Con- vey in-
3. Now none is bald ex- cept they see his braines Af- fec- tion



tongue, words are but flat- tering windes, Breake hart and bleed for ther  
to thy head hopes to ob- taine, Then tell thy hear- ing thou  
is not knowne till one be dead Re- ward for love are la-



is no re- ceit, To purge in- con- stan- cy from most mens mindes.  
art deafe by art, Now love is art that wont- ed to be plaine,  
bours for his paines, Loves qui- ver made of gold his shafts of leade.



**Lenvoy:**

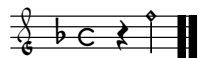
And so I wackt a- mazd and could not move,



I know my dreame was true, and yet I love.

The “refrain” section at the beginning has no performance directions in the original. Some modern editions treat it like a chorus, to be sung at the beginning and end and also between all the verses. We decided to treat it like a West Gallery “symphonia”, and play it at the beginning and end but not between every verse.

This is another one (besides *Can she excuse my wrongs* Page ??) where the poem may have been written by the Earl of Essex, who spent time in Wanstead when out of favor with Queen Elizabeth. [?, page 262ff]



## X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

### Cantus

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de-light of so-li-ta-ri-nesse, O how much doe I love your

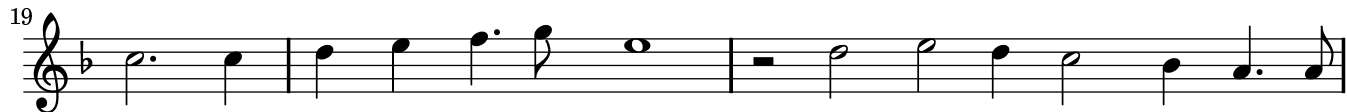


so-li-ta-ri-nesse.

1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re-
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have



tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, And those false  
brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, Love is dis-  
Love, And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, The end- lesse  
walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, You woods in



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my  
dained when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and  
worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you  
whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of



fall, my fall I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, im-part I  
 apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him his li-ber-  
 strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de-sire which now your I-dols  
 mourn-ing, mourn-ing prove, Wan-sted my Mis-tres faith this is the



this, For shee lesse se-cret, and as sence-lesse is. To is.  
 ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra-dell die. Ther die.  
 bee, You needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope mee.  
 doome, Thou art loves Child-bed, Nur-ser-y, and Tombe. Wan-Tombe.

<sup>5</sup> Original has a fermata, which does not appear in the other parts.



## X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

Altus.

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de-light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how



much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

- (1)
1. From fames de- sire, from
  2. Ex- per-ience which re-
  3. You men that give false
  4. You woods in you the



loves de- light re- tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I  
pen- tance one- ly brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es-  
wor- ship un- to Love, And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob-  
fair- est Nimphs have walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to



led, I led, And those, And those false plea- sures which I once ad-  
trange, es- trange, Love is, Love is dis- dained when it doth looke at  
taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse, end- lesse worke of Si- si- phus you pro-  
Love, to Love, You woods, You woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have



mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, my fall, I dread,  
Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and apt, and apt to change:  
cure, Whose end is this to know you strive, you strive in vaine,  
talked, How doe you now a place of mourn- ing, of mourn- ing prove,

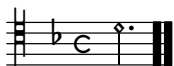


To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im-part I this, For  
 Ther power doth take from him, from him his li-ber-ty, Hir  
 Hope and de-sire which now, which now your I-dols bee, You  
 Wan-sted my Mis-tres faith, tres faith this is the doome, Thou



shee lesse se-cret, and as sence-lesse is. To birds, is.  
 want of worth make him in cra-dell die. ther power die.  
 needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope and mee.  
 art loves Child-bed, Nur-ser-y, and Tombe. Wan-sted Tombe.

<sup>0</sup>The original has a Meter change to C— here only in this part.



## X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

Tenor

John Dowland



1, after 4. O Sweet woods, the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how much doe I love your



so- li- ta- ri- nesse.

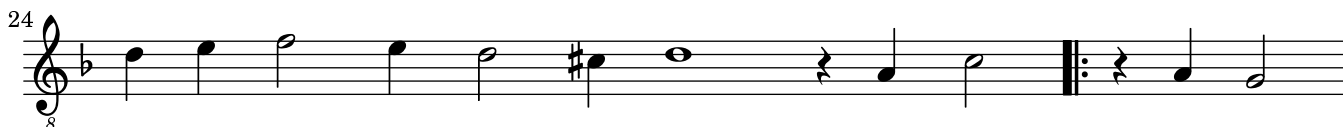
1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re-
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have



tir'd, In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And  
brings, Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love  
Love, And seeke that shich ou ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The  
walked, Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You



those false plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance  
is dis- dained when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed  
end- lesse worke of Sisi- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to  
woods in whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a



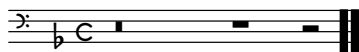
of my fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees,  
base and apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take  
know you strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire  
place of mourn- ing, mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis-



to earth, to earth, im- part I this, For shee lesse  
 from him, from him his li- ber- ty, Hir want of  
 which now, which now your I- dols bee, You needs must  
 tres faith, of faith this is the doome, Thou art loves



se- cret, and as sence- lesse, sence-lesse is. To birds, is.  
 worth make him in cra- dell, cra- dell die. Ther power die.  
 loose and feele dis- paire, dis- paire with mee. Hope and mee.  
 Child- bed, Nur- ser- y, Nur- ser- y and Tombe. Wan- sted Tombe.



# X. O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse

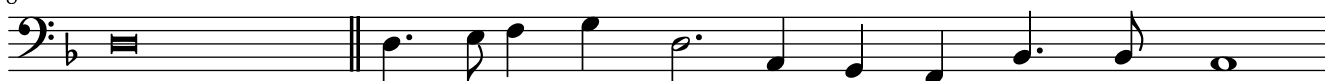
Basso.

John Dowland



1, after 4. O how much doe I love your so- li- ta- ri-

8



nesse.

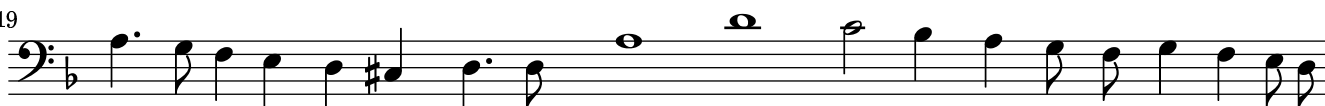
1. From fames de- sire, from loves de- light re- tir'd,
2. Ex- per- ience which re- pen- tance one- ly brings,
3. You men that give false wor- ship un- to Love,
4. You woods in you the fair- est Nimphs have walked,

14



In these sad groves an Her- mits life I led, I led, And those false  
Doth bid mee now my hart from love es- trange, es- trange, Love is dis-  
And seeke that which you ne- ver shall ob- taine, ob- taine, The end- lesse  
Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love, to Love, You woods in

19



plea- sures which I once ad- mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my  
dain- ed when it doth looke at Kings, And love loe plac- ed base and  
worke of Si- si- phus you pro- cure, Whose end is this to know you  
whom deere lo- vers oft have talked, How doe you now a place of mourn-

25



fall, my fall, I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, to earth, im- part I  
apt, and apt to change: Ther power doth take from him, from him his li- ber-  
strive, you strive in vaine, Hope and de- sire which now, which now your I- dols  
ing mourn- ing prove, Wan- sted my Mis- tres faith, of faith this is the

32

this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence-lesse is. To birds, is.  
 ty, Hir want of worth make him in cra- dell die. Ther power die.  
 bee, You needs must loose and feele dis-paire with mee. Hope and mee.  
 doome, Thou art loves Child- bed, Nur-ser- y, and Tombe. Wan- sted Tombe.

<sup>2</sup> facsimile looks like a half note but may be a misprinting rather than an error.

<sup>4</sup>Facsimile looks like a dotted half; may also be a misprinting



## X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,

Canto.

John Dowland



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of  
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve  
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will breede



my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror  
no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening



par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone,  
but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore,



Mine er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
That fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.



## X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,

Alto.

John Dowland



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of  
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might  
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that woords will



salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par-  
breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but



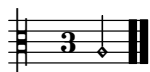
don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors,  
at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours



fault, er- rors, fault, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
hopes, fa- vours hopes and woords, can blinde no more.

<sup>2</sup>Original is dotted whole

<sup>3</sup>Original has a dot.



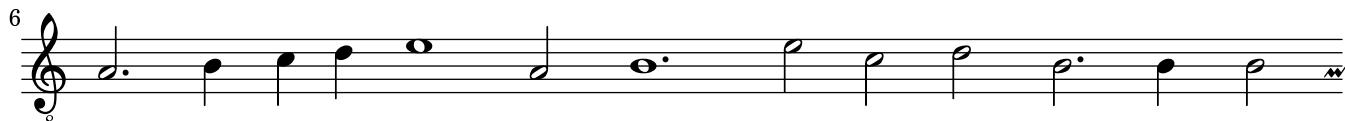
## X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,

Tenore.

John Dowland



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of  
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might salve  
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will breede



my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror  
no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening



par- don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone,  
but at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore,



Mine er- rors, mine er- rors, fault, sins, sins fol- lies past and gone.  
That fa- vours, that fa- vours hopes and words, words can blinde no more.

<sup>4</sup>Original has a dot.



## X. If floods of teares could cleanse my follies past,

Basso.

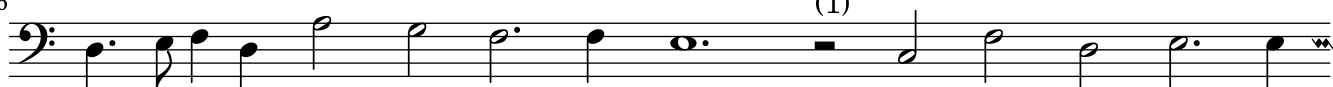
John Dowland



If fluds of teares could cleanse my fol- lies past, And smoakes of  
I see my hopes must with- er in their bud, I see my

6

(1)



sighes might sa- cri- fice for sinne, If gron- ing cries might  
fav- ours are no last- ing flowers, I see that words will

11



salve my fault at last, Or end- les mone, for er- ror par-  
breede no bet- ter good, Than losse of time and light- ening but

19



don win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and e- ver mone, Mine er- rors,  
at houres, Thus when I see then thus I say there- fore, That fa- vours,

25



mine er- rors, faults, sins, fol- lies past and gone.  
that fa- vours hopes and words, can blinde no more.

<sup>1</sup> Rest is editorial.



## XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for ladies, cheape choise brave and new, Good pen-ni-

2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a-gaine, My tri-fles

3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worths but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a faiyer but for the faier to  
come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee  
toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



view, a beg- ger may bee li- ber- all of love, Though all my  
plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers  
loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the



wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart is true.  
take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
hart that thincks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



## XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Altus

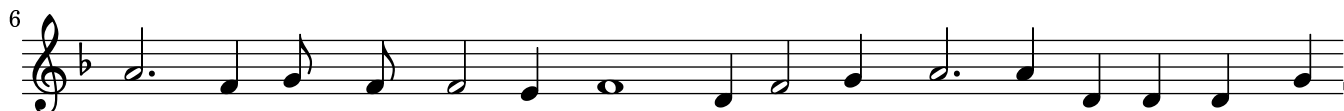
John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for La- dies, cheape, choise, brave and new, good pen- i-

2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles

3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worthes, but mo- ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but for the fayer to  
come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious Je- well to bee  
toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du- e- ty serves and



view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of love, though all my  
plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we finde, Of o- thers  
loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly paier, Hap- py the



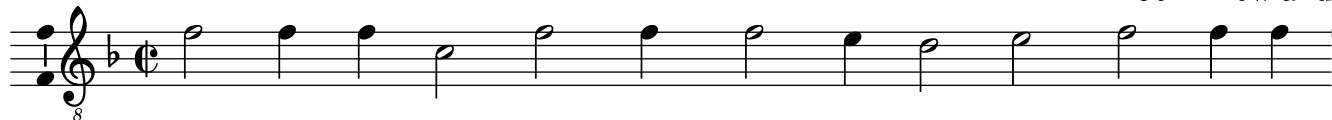
wares be trash, the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.  
take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
hart that thincks of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



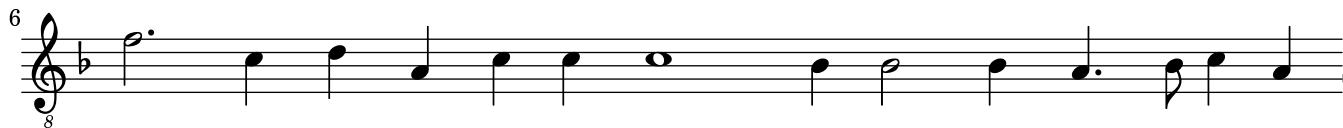
## XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Tenor

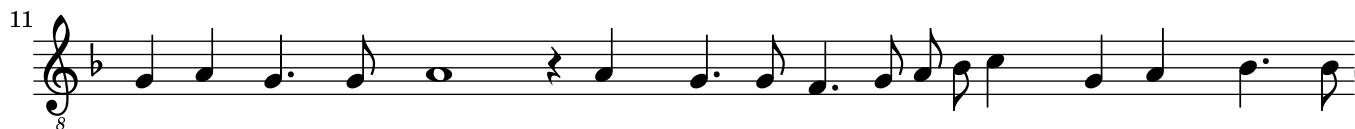
John Dowland



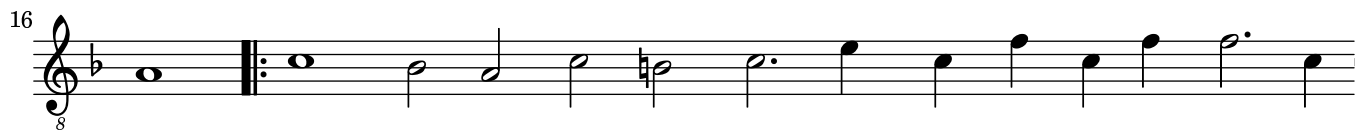
1. Fine knacks for Ladies, cheap, choise, brave and new, good pen- i-
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a- gaine, My tri- fles
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worthes but mo- ny can- not move, I keepe a fayer but  
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious  
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



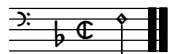
for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of  
 Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we  
 e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly



love, though all my wares be trash, the heart, the heart is true. The  
 finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, a sheafe, of mee a graine, a  
 paier, Hap- py the hart that thinkes that thinkes of no re- moves, of



heart, the heart is true is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.  
 graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
 no re- moves of no re- moves, of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



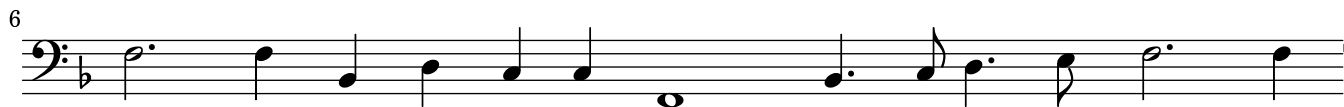
## XII. Fine knacks for ladies,

Basso

John Dowland



1. Fine knacks for ladies cheap, choise, brave and new, good pe-ni-
2. Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts a-gaine, My tri-fles
3. With- in this packe pinnes points la- ces and gloves, And di- vers



worthes, but mo-ny can- not move, I keep a fayer, but  
 come, as trea- sures from my minde, It is a pre- cious  
 toies fit- ting a coun- try faier, But my hart where du-



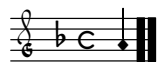
for the fayer to view, a beg- ger may be li- ber- all of  
 Je- well to bee plaine, Some- times in shell th'o- ri- enst pearles we  
 e- ty serves and loves, Tur- tels and twins, courts brood, a heaven- ly



love: though all my wares be trash, the heart is true, is  
 finde, Of o- thers take a sheafe, of mee a graine, of  
 paier, Hap- py the hart that thincks of no re- moves, of



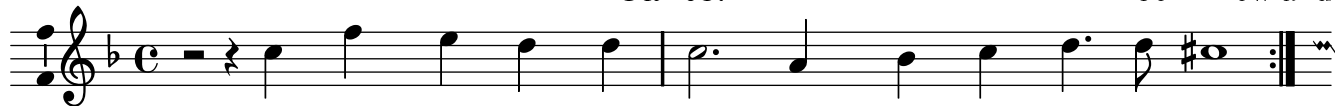
true, the heart is true, the hart is true, the heart is true.  
 mee a graine, of mee of mee a graine, of mee a graine.  
 no re- moves, of no of no re- moves, of no re- moves.



### XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,

Canto.

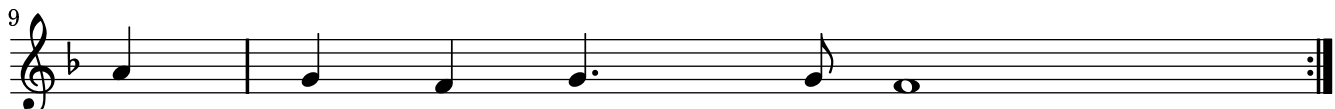
John Dowland



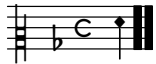
1. Now cease my wan- dring eies, Strange beau- ties to ad- mire,  
In change least com- fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long de- sire.
2. One man hath but one soule, which art can- not de- vide,  
If all one soule must love, Two loves most be de- nide,
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given, All beau- tie to im- part,  
As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given one hart,



One faith one love, Makes our fraile plea- sures e- ter-  
New hopes new joyes, Are still with sor- row de- cli-  
One soule one love, By faith and me- rit u- ni-  
Dis- trac- ted spirits, Are e- ver chang- ing and hap-  
That though wee see, Ten thou- sand beau- ties yet in  
One sted- fast love, Be- cause our harts stand fast



nall and in sweet- nesse prove,  
ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.  
ted can- not re- move,  
lesse in their de- lights,  
us one should be,  
al- though our eies do move.



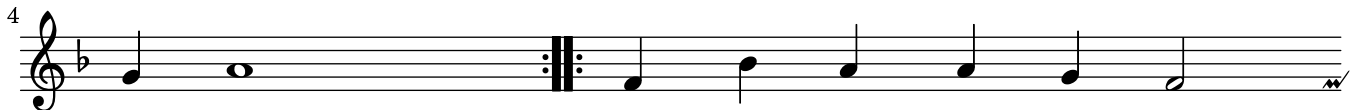
### XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Now cease my wandring eies, Strange beau- ties to  
In change least com- fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long
2. One man hath but one soule, which art can- not  
If all one soule must love, Two loves most be
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given, All beau- tie to  
As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given



ad- mire, One faith one love, Makes our  
de- sire. New hopes new joyes, Are still  
de- vide, One soule one love, By faith  
de- nide, Dis- trac- ted spirits, Are e-  
im- part, That though wee see, Ten thou-  
one hart, One sted- fast love, Be- cause



fraile plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,  
with sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.  
and me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,  
ver chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,  
sand beau- ties yet in us one should be,  
our harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.



### XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,

Tenore.

John Dowland



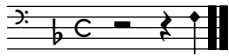
1. Now cease my wan- dring eies, Strange beau- ties to  
In change least com- fort lies, Long joyes yeeld long
2. One man hath but one soule, which art can- not  
If all one soule must love, Two loves most be
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given, All beau- tie to  
As well in earth as heaven, But she hath given



ad- mire, One faith one love, (One faith one  
de- sire. New hopes new joyes, (New hopes new  
de- vide, One soule one love, (One soule one  
de- nide, Dis- trac- ted spirits, (Dis- trac- ted  
im- part, That though wee see, (That though wee  
one hart, One sted- fast love, (One sted- fast



love,) Makes our fraile plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,  
joyes,) Are still with sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.  
love,) By faith and me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,  
spirits,) Are e- ver chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,  
see,) Ten thou- sand beau- ties yet in us one should be,  
love,) Be- cause our harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.



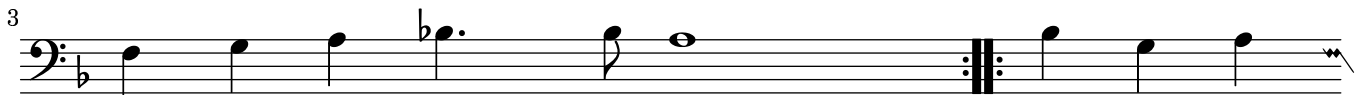
### XIII. Now cease my wandring eies,

Basso.

John Dowland



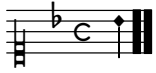
1. Now cease my wandring eies,  
In change least comfort lies,
2. One man hath but one soule,  
If all one soule must love,
3. Na- ture two eyes hath given,  
As well in earth as heaven,



Strange beau- ties	to	ad- mire,	One faith one
Long joyes yeeld	long	de- sire.	New hopes new
which art can- not	de- vide,	One soule one	
Two loves most be	de- nide,	Dis- trac- ted	
All beau- tie to	im- part,	That though wee	
But she hath given	one hart,	One sted- fast	



love, Makes our fraile plea- sures e- ter- nall and in sweet- nesse prove,
joyes, Are still with sor- row de- cli- ning, Un- to deepe a- noies.
love, By faith and me- rit u- ni- ted can- not re- move,
spirits, Are e- ver chang- ing and hap- lesse in their de- lights,
see, Ten thou- sand beau- ties yet in us one should be,
love, Be- cause our harts stand fast al- though our eies do move.



### XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

CANTO.

John Dowland



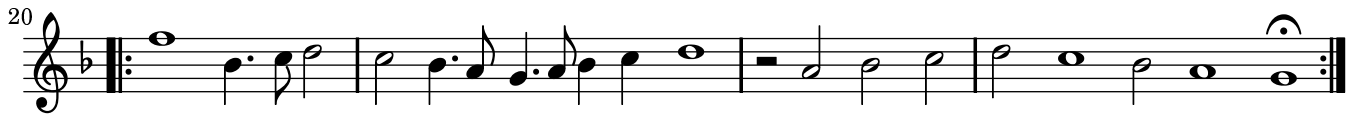
1. Come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers spi- rit right,

2. Come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges sad de- light,



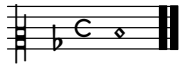
Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row,

Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row:



Come sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.

Come sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.



### XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Come come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers spi- rit  
 2. Come come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges sad de-



right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my  
 light, Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but



song with sor- row, Come sor- row come come her eies that  
 sounds of sor- row: Come sor- row come come hir eies that



sings, By thee are tur- ned, are tur- ned, in- to springs.  
 sings, By thee are tour- ned, are tour- ned, in- to springs.

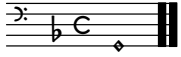


## XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

Tenore.

John Dowland

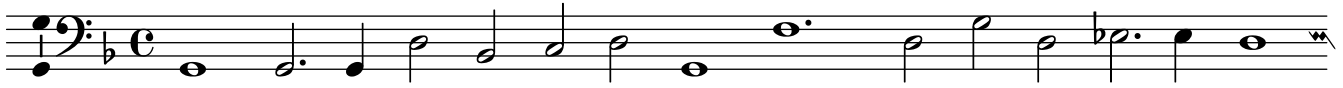




### XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

Basso.

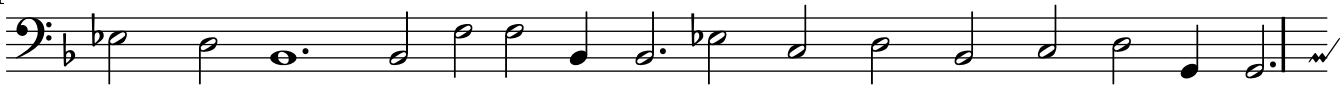
John Dowland



1. Come, come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers spi- rit right,

2. Come, come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges sad de- light,

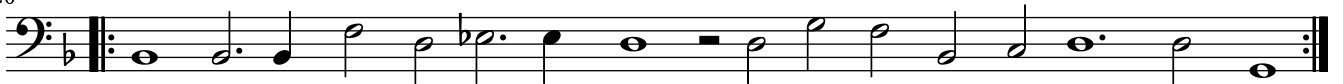
11



Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row,

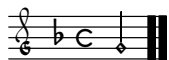
Quiet my An- thems, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row:

20



Come sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.

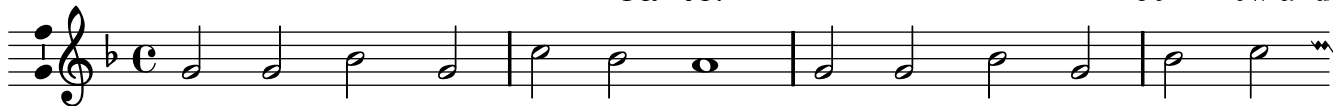
Come sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.



## XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Canto.

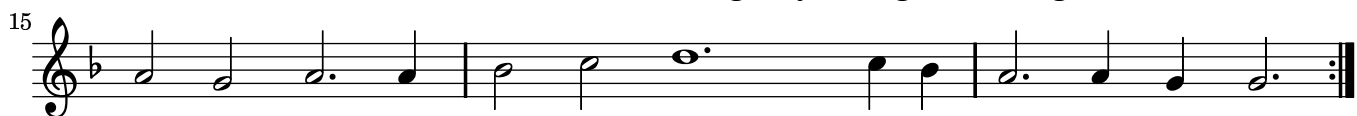
John Dowland



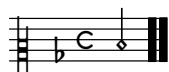
1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-  
 2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-  
 3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con- stant e- ver, Chang- ing  
 4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-  
 5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly  
 6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-  
 7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-  
 8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice  
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my  
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- lieve my  
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton  
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their  
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice  
 stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in  
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rows hath in- fect- ed.  
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.  
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.  
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.  
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.  
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.  
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,  
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



## XV. White as Lillies was hir face,

Alto.

John Dowland

(1)



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con-stant e- ver, Chang- ing
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly
6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and



guil- ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice  
 plain- ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my  
 ne- ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- leeve my  
 guis- es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton  
 loos- ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their  
 found- ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice  
 stain- ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in  
 kill it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-

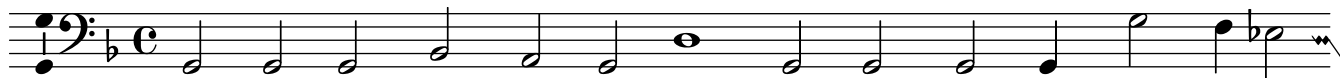
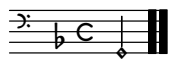


thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rowes hath in- fect- ed.  
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.  
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.  
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.  
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.  
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.  
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,  
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



**XV. White as Lillies was hir face,****Basso.**

John Dowland



1. White as Lil- lies was hir face, When she smil- ed, She bee- guil-
2. When I swore my hart hir owne, She dis- dain- ed, I com- plain-
3. Vowes and oaths and faith as- sured, Con- stant e- ver, Chang- ing ne-
4. Oh that Love should have the art, By sur- mi- ses, And dis- guis-
5. All in vaine is La- dies love, Quick- ly choos- ed, Short- ly loos-
6. To thy selfe the sweet- est faier, Thou hast wound- ed, And con- found-
7. By thine er- ror thou has lost, Hart un- fain- ed, Truth un- stain-
8. For my hart though set at nought, Since you will it, Spoil and kill

8



ed, Quit- ting faith with foule dis- grace, Ver- tue ser- vice  
 ed, Yet shee left mee o- ver- throwen, Care- les of my  
 ver, Yet shee could not bee pro- cured, To be- lieve my  
 es, To des- troy a faith- full hart, Or that wan- ton  
 ed, For their pride is to re- move, Out a- las their  
 ed, Chang- les faith with foule dis- paier, And my ser- vice  
 ed, And the swaine that lov- ed most, More as- sured in  
 it, I will ne- ver change my thoughts But grieve that beau-

15



thus ne- glect- ed, Heart with sor- rows hath in- fect- ed.  
 bit- ter gro- ning, Ruth- lesse bent to no re- lie- ving.  
 paines ex- ceed- ing, From hir scant ne- glect pro- ceed- ing.  
 look- ing wo- men, Should re- ward their friends as foe- men.  
 looks first won us, And their pride hath straight un- done us.  
 hath en- vi- ed, And my suc- cours hath de- ni- ed.  
 love then man- y, More dis- pised in love then an- y,  
 tie ere was borne. But grieve that beau- tie ere was borne.



## XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Canto.

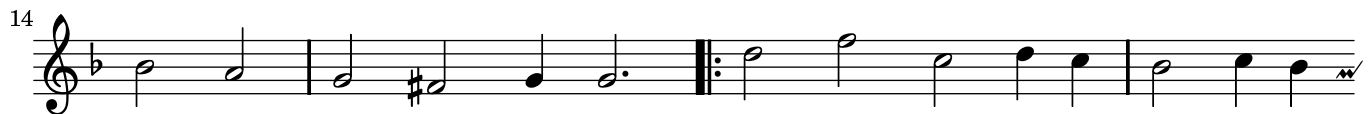
John Dowland



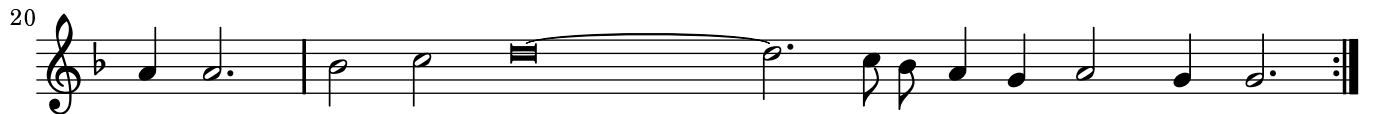
1. Wo-full hart with griefe op-press-ed, Since my for-tunes most dis-  
 2. Fly my breast, leave mee for-sak-en, Where-in Griefe his seate hath



tres-sed. From my joyes hath mee re-mo-ved, Fol-low  
 tak-en, All his ar-rows through mee dart-ing, Thou maist

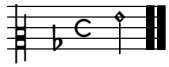


those sweet eies a-do-red, Those sweet eyes where-in are  
 live by hir Sunne-shin-ing, I shall suf-fer no more



stor-ed, All my plea-sures best bee-lov-ed.  
 pin-ing, By thy losse, then by hir part-ing.

<sup>1</sup> This system (from tress- ed to those sweet) has the flat in the key signature on the third line, although the C clef is on the first line. I'm assuming the clef is correct and the key signature is wrong.



## XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Alto.

John Dowland



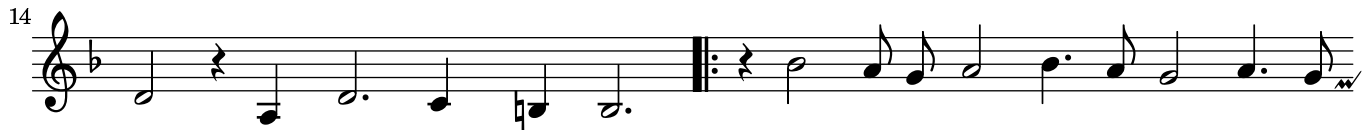
1. Wo- full hart with griefe op-press-ed, Since my for- tunes most dis-

2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where- in Griefe his seate hath



8 tres- sed. From my Joyes my Joyes hath mee re- mov'd, Fol- low

tak- en, All his ar- rows ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist



14 those sweet eies a- dored, Those faier eyes where- in are

live by hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more



20 stor- ed, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.

pin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.



## XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Tenore.

John Dowland



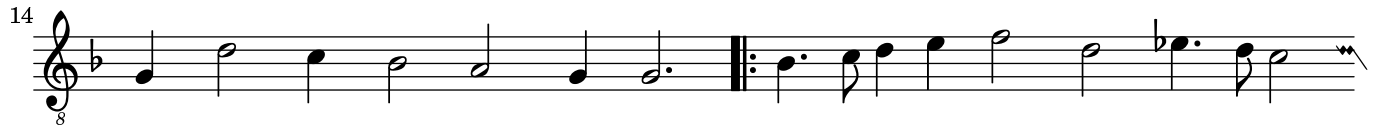
1. Wo- full hart with griefe op- press- ed, Since my for- tunes most dis-

2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where- in Griefe his seate hath



8 tres- sed. From my joyes my Joyes hath mee re- mo- ved, Fol- low those sweet

tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee dart- ing, Thou maist live by



14 eies those sweet eyes a- do- red, Those sweet eyes where- in are

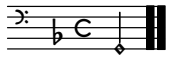
hir Sunne- by hir Sunne- shin- ing, I shall suf- fer no more



20 stor- ed, All my plea- sures plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.

pin- ing, By thy losse, by thy losse then by hir part- ing.

<sup>2</sup> This and the following note are quarter notes in the original.



## XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Wo- full hart with griefe op-press- ed, Since my for- tunes

2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where- in Griefe his

7



most dis- tres- sed. From my joyes hath mee re- mov'd, Fol- low  
seate hath tak- en, All his ar- rows through mee darting, Thou maist

13

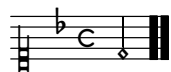


those sweet eyes sweet eyes a- do- red,  
live by hir by hir Sunne- shin- ing,

21



All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.  
By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Cantus

John Dowland



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when



lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and  
love- ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, If  
you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, with-



thus bee- gan his song, Re- store, re- store my hart a- gaine, Which  
I for sor- row dye.  
out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In



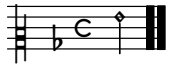
love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis-  
your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound on e- very



daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool- ish thing.  
war- bling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool- ish thing.

<sup>0</sup>Note: I had originally repeated the B section to “Restore, restore”. The facsimile has both a begin and end repeat between the A and the B sections, and also a repeat back to here squiggle at “Least”. Since it looks like the printer may not have had one-way repeat bars, I am now repeating only to “Least”, which agrees with other modern editions I have seen.

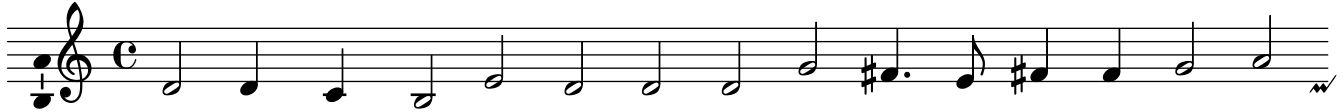
Note also that least here is an Elizabethan spelling for the word we spell lest, and not the word we spell least.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Altus

John Dowland

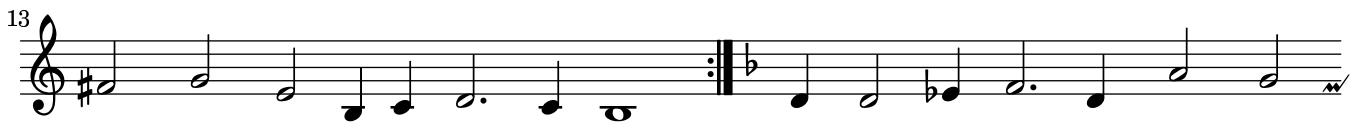


1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lov-ers  
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-nour still, your faier and love-ly

2. My hart where have you laid O cru-ell maide, To kill when you might



wrong, un- to the fai-rest lasse, un- to the fai-rest lasse, that trode on  
eye, what con-quest will it be, what con-quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no-thing



grasse, and thus be - gan his song. Re-store re-store my heart a-  
thee, if I for sor- row dye.

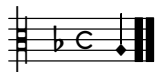
worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-tombed and



gaine, which love by thy sweet looks hath slaine, by your  
lye, In your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I



dis- dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.  
re-sound, re-sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Tenor

John Dowland



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lo- vers  
Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might



worng, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fair - est lasse that  
eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet  
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no- thing



trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re- store re- store my  
Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.  
worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-



heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine,  
tombd and lye, In your sweet minde and and me- mo- rie,

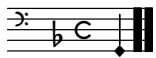


least that in- forst, in- forst by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I  
least I re- sound, re- sound, on e- very war- string, on e- very



sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.  
string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.

<sup>2</sup> original is d quarter note



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Bassus

John Dowland



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and lo- vers  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love- ly

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might



wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be-  
eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, if I for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a



gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which love by  
sor- row dye,  
tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet



thy sweet lookes hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,  
minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,



fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

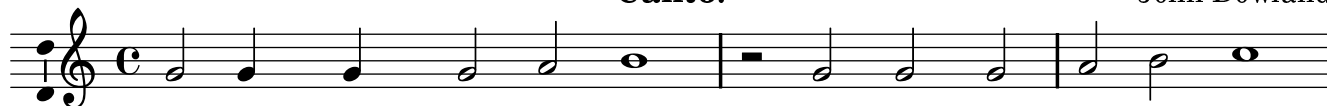
<sup>1</sup> Original has d quarter note.



## XIX. Faction that ever dwells

Canto.

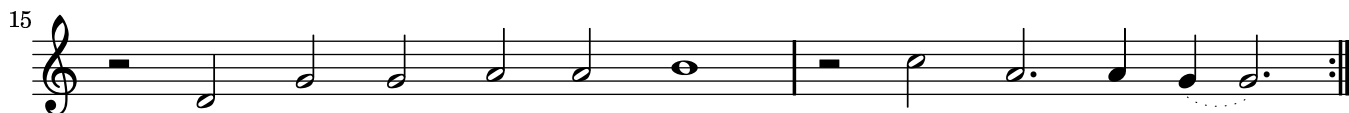
John Dowland



- |              |           |           |         |           |       |         |          |           |
|--------------|-----------|-----------|---------|-----------|-------|---------|----------|-----------|
| 1. Fact- ion | that      | e- ver    | dwels,  | In        | court | where   | wits     | ex- cells |
| 2. For- tune | sweares,  | weak- est | harts   | The       | booke | of      | Cu- pids | arts      |
| 3. This      | dis- cord | it        | be- get | A- theist | that  | ho- nor | not      |           |
| 4. So        | to        | the       | wood    | went      | I     | With    | love     | to        |
| 5. My        | saint     | is        | deere   | to        | mee,  | And     | love     | hir       |
|              |           |           |         |           |       |         | selfe    | is        |
|              |           |           |         |           |       |         | shee     |           |



- |  |           |             |                |           |          |              |       |         |
|--|-----------|-------------|----------------|-----------|----------|--------------|-------|---------|
|  | hath      | set         | de- fi- ance,  | For- tune | and      | love         | hath  | sworne, |
|  | Turne     | with        | hir            | whee- le, | Sen- ces | them- selves | shall | prove   |
|  | Na- ture  | thought     | good,          | For- tune | should   | e- ver       | dwel  |         |
|  | For- tune | for- lorne. | Ex- per- ience | of        | my       | youth        |       |         |
|  | Jone      | faier       | and            | true,     | Jone     | that         | doth  | e- ver  |
|  |           |             |                |           |          |              | move  |         |



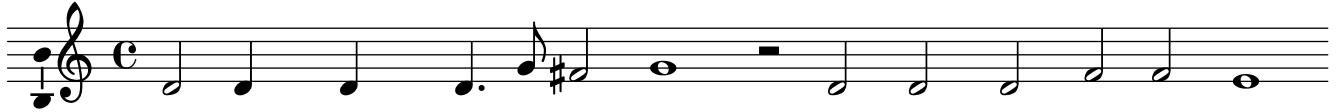
- |  |            |       |        |          |          |           |          |              |
|--|------------|-------|--------|----------|----------|-----------|----------|--------------|
|  | That       | they  | were   | ne- ver  | borne,   | of        | one      | a- li- ance. |
|  | Ven- ture  | hir   | place  | in       | love     | Aske      | them     | that         |
|  | In         | court | where  | wits     | ex- cell | Love      | keepe    | the          |
|  | Made       | me    | thinke | hum- ble | truth    | In        | de- sert | borne.       |
|  | Pas- sions | of    | love   | with     | love     | For- tune | a-       | diew.        |



## XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwells, In court where wits ex- cells,
2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts
3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not
4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die
5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee



Hath set de- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne,  
 Turne with hir wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove  
 Na- ture thought good, For- tune should e- ver dwell  
 For- tune for- lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth  
 Jone faier and true, Jone that doth e- ver move



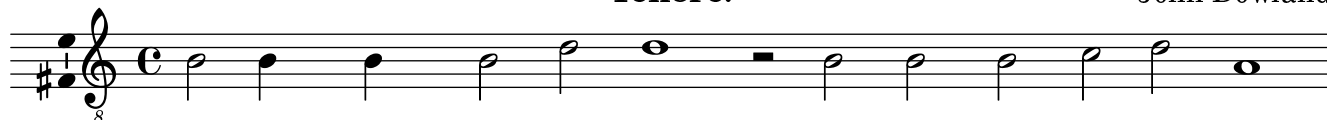
That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.  
 Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.  
 In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.  
 Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.  
 Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.



## XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Tenore.

John Dowland



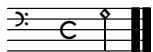
1. Fact- ion that e- ver dwells, In court where wits ex- cells,
2. For- tune swears, weak- est harts The booke of Cu- pids arts
3. This dis- cord it be- get A- theist that ho- nor not
4. So to the wood went I With love to live and die
5. My saint is deere to mee, And love hir selfe is shee



Hath set de- fi- ance, For- tune and love hath sworne,  
 Turne with hir wheele, Sen- ces them- selves shall prove  
 Na- ture thought good, For- tune should e- ver dwell  
 For- tune for- lorne. Ex- per- ience of my youth  
 Jone faier and true, Jone that doth e- ver move



That they were ne- ver borne, of one a- li- ance.  
 Ven- ture hir place in love Aske them that feele.  
 In court where wits ex- cell Love keepe the wood.  
 Made me thinke hum- ble truth In de- sert borne.  
 Pas- sions of love with love For- tune a- diew.



## XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

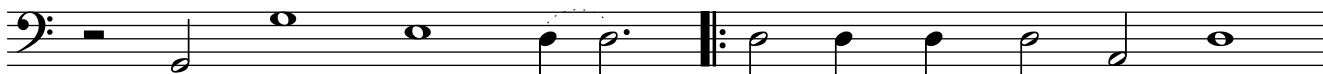
Basso.

John Dowland



- |              |           |           |         |           |       |         |          |            |
|--------------|-----------|-----------|---------|-----------|-------|---------|----------|------------|
| 1. Fact- ion | that      | e- ver    | dwells, | In        | court | where   | wits     | ex- cells, |
| 2. For- tune | sweares,  | weak- est | harts   | The       | booke | of      | Cu- pids | arts       |
| 3. This      | dis- cord | it        | be- get | A- theist | that  | ho- nor | not      |            |
| 4. So        | to        | the       | wood    | went      | I     | With    | love     | to         |
| 5. My        | saint     | is        | deere   | to        | mee,  | And     | love     | hir        |
|              |           |           |         |           |       |         | selfe    | is         |
|              |           |           |         |           |       |         | shee     |            |

8

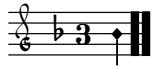


- |       |       |         |           |      |      |        |        |       |         |
|-------|-------|---------|-----------|------|------|--------|--------|-------|---------|
| Hath  | set   | de-     | fi- ance, | For- | tune | and    | love   | hath  | sworne, |
| Turne | with  | hir     | whee-     | Sen- | ces  | them-  | selves | shall | prove   |
| Na-   | ture  | thought | good,     | For- | tune | should | e-     | ver   | dwell   |
| For-  | tune  | for-    | lorne.    | Ex-  | per- | ience  | of     | my    | youth   |
| Jone  | faier | and     | true,     | Jone | that | doth   | e-     | ver   | move    |

15



- |      |       |        |       |      |        |      |       |      |           |
|------|-------|--------|-------|------|--------|------|-------|------|-----------|
| That | they  | were   | ne-   | ver  | borne, | of   | one   | a-   | li- ance. |
| Ven- | ture  | hir    | place | in   | love   | Aske | them  | that | fee-      |
| In   | court | where  | wits  | ex-  | cell   | Love | keepe | the  | wood.     |
| Made | me    | thinke | hum-  | ble  | truth  | In   | de-   | sert | borne.    |
| Pas- | sions | of     | love  | with | love   | For- | tune  | a-   | diew.     |



## XIX. Shall I sue

Canto.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



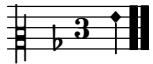
Shall I strive to a heaven-ly Joy, with an earth-ly love?  
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho-ly hopes doe re- quire.  
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
 Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe, there-fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,  
 Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,  
 Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so base,  
 Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
 Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
 Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
 Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.



## XIX. Shall I sue

Alto.

John Dowland



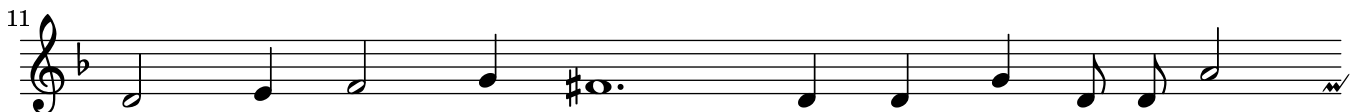
1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly  
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-  
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de-  
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I



love? Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart, a bleed- ing hart  
 quire. Fa- vour is as faire as things are, as things are,  
 sert. Shee is to wor- thie far, to wor- thie far,  
 must, Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, then yeeld to die,



Or a wound- ed eie, Or a sigh can as- cend  
 Trea- sure is not bought, Fa- vour is not wonne  
 for a worth so base, Cru- ell and but just is  
 per- ish in dis- paire, Wit- nesse yet how faine



the cloudes, as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
 with words, not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
 shee, but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
 I die, how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

**XIX. Shall I sue**

Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?  
 2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire  
 3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,  
 4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,



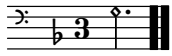
Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?  
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re-quire.  
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



Shall I think that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed eie,  
 Fa- vour is as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not bought,  
 Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth, for a worth, so base,  
 Sil- ly hart then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis- paire,



Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes, the cloudes, to at- taine so hie.  
 Fa- vour is not wonne with words, with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
 Cru- ell and but just is shee, is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
 Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, I die, When I die for the faire.



## XIX. Shall I sue

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?
2. Sil-ly wretch for- sake these dreames, of a vaine de- sire
3. Pit- tie is but a poore de- fence, for a dy- ing hart,
4. Jus- tice gives each man his owne though my love bee just,

5



Shall I strive to a heav- en- ly Joy, with an earth- ly love?  
 o be- thinke what hie re- gard, ho- ly hopes doe re- quire.  
 La- dies eies re- spect no mone, in a meane de- sert.  
 Yet will not shee pit- tie my grieffe, there- fore die I must,



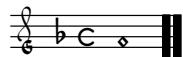
Shall I think, Shall I think, that a bleed- ing hart Or a wound- ed  
 Fa- vour is, Fa- vour is, as faire as things are, Trea- sure is not  
 Shee is to Shee is to wor- thie far, for a worth so  
 Sil- ly hart, Sil- ly hart, then yeeld to die, per- ish in dis-

12



ie, Or a sigh can as- cend the cloudes to at- taine so hie.  
 bought, Fa- vour is not wonne with words, nor the wish of a thought.  
 base, Cru- ell and but just is shee, in my just dis- grace.  
 paire, Wit- nesse yet how faine I die, When I die for the faire.

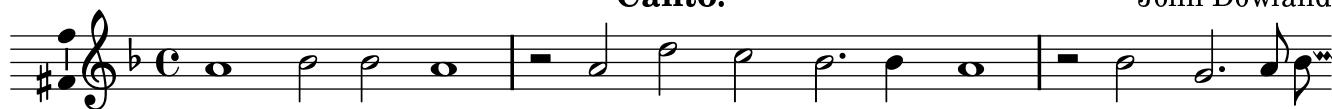
The facsimile precedes this with the note: for finding in fields: ye shall finde a better dittie. Apparently Dowland originally used different words, and changed to these at the last minute.



## XX. Tosse not my soule

Canto.

John Dowland



1. Tosse not my soule, O love twixt hope and feare, Shew mee some

2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full holde, Or thou Des-



ground where I may firme- ly stand or sure- ly fall, I care not

paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, the one in



which a- peare, So one will close mee in a cer- taine

joyes en- rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no more, is

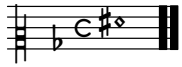


band, When once of ill the ut- ter- most is

well:



knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.



## XX. Tosse not my soule

Alto.

John Dowland



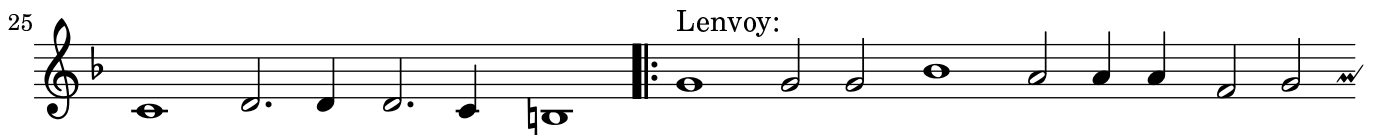
1. Tosse not my soule, (O love twixt) hope and feare, Shew mee some  
 2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full holde, Or thou Des-



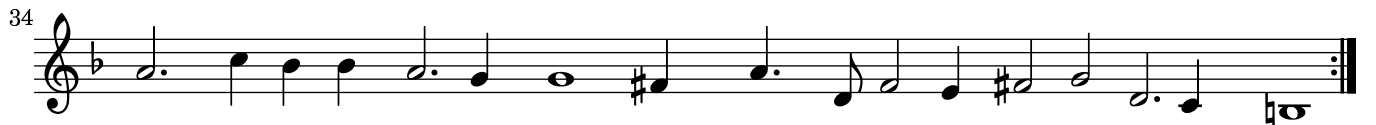
ground where I may firm- ly stand or sure- ly fall, or sure- ly  
 paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, each hath full



fall, I care not which a- peare, So one will close mee in a cer- taine  
 rest, the one in joyes en- rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no more, is



band, in a cer- taine band. When once of ill the ut- ter- most is  
 well, feares no more, is well:



knowne, the ut- ter- most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.



## XX. Tosse not my soule

Tenor.

John Dowland  
(1)

8

1. Tosse not my soule, (O love twixt) hope and feare, twixt hope and  
2. Take mee As- sur- ance to thy blis- full holde, thy blis- full

8

feare, Shew mee some ground where I may firme- ly stand or sure- ly  
holde, Or thou Des- paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full

14

fall, or fall, or sure- ly fall, I care not which a- peare, I  
rest, full rest, each hath full rest, the one in joyes en- rolde, the

21

care not which a- peare, So one will close mee in a cer-  
one in joyes en- rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no more,

27

Lenvoy:

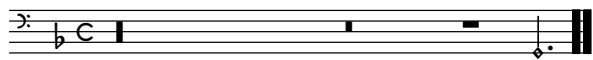
8

taine band. When once of ill, the ut- ter- most, When once of  
is well:

34

8

ill, the ut- ter- most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- throwne.



## XX. Tosse not my soule

Basso.

John Dowland



- 1. Shew mee some ground where
- 2. Or thou Des- paire un-



I may firme- ly stand or sure- ly fall, or sure- ly fall, I care not  
to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, each hath full rest, the one in



which a- peare, So one will close, so one will close, will close mee  
joyes en- rolde, Th'o- ther, in that, th'o- ther in that, hee feares no



Lenvoy:

in a cer- taine band. When once of ill the ut- ter-  
more, no more is well:



most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver-throwne.

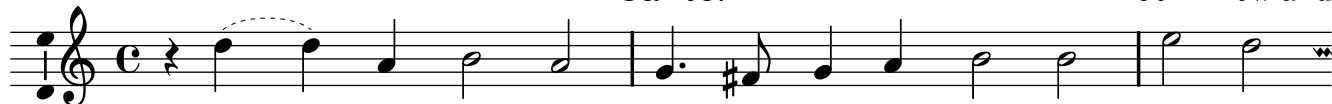
The end of the foure parts.



## XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring,

Canto.

John Dowland



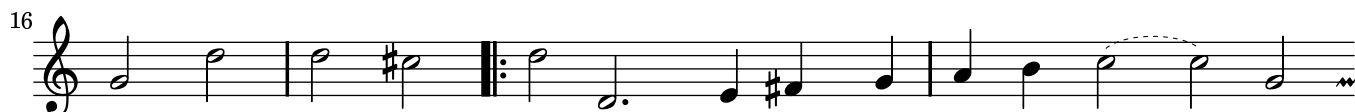
1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trim- de, In best
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In weedes



frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing  
 at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like  
 as in- to hearbs and flowers And sees of ser- vice



like milde May all flowr- ing, When skies blew silke and me- dows car- pets  
 som- mers daies bee dim- de, With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full con- stant  
 di- vers sorts in sow- ing, Some hap- ly seem- ing and some be- ing



bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sing- eth, Who  
 faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen-  
 yours, Raine on your hearbs and flowers that true- ly serve, And

1. 2.



thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.  
 tly thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.  
 let your weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

<sup>0</sup>The repeat has been moved and the alternate repeat structure added.



## XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring,

Alto.

John Dowland



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing,
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trim- de,
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath-eth life and grow- ing,



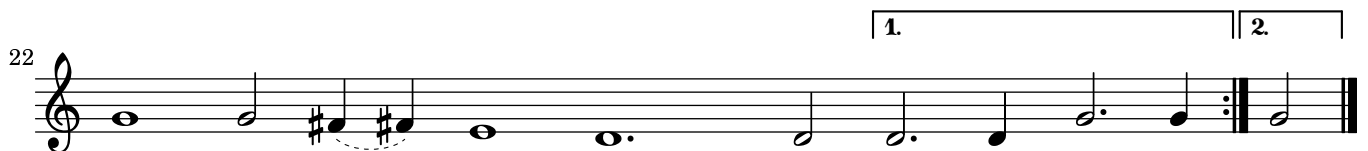
Smoth or frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like  
In best at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gain like  
In weedes as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice



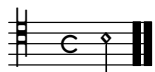
milde May all flowr- ing, When skies blew silke and me- dows car- pets  
som- mers daies bee dim- de, With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full con- stant  
di- vers sorts in sow- ing, Some hap- ly seem- ing and some be- ing



bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sings, Who thought all  
faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen- tly thundr-  
yours, Raine on your hearbs and flowrs that true- ly serve, And let your



sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.  
ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.  
weedes lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.



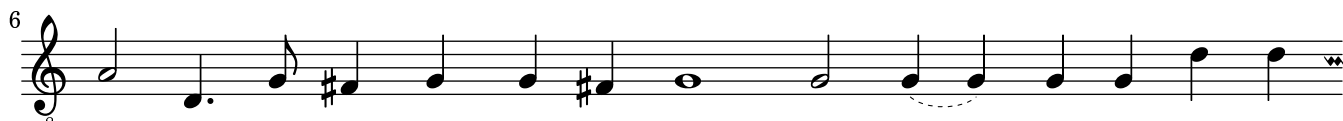
## XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring,

Tenor.

John Dowland



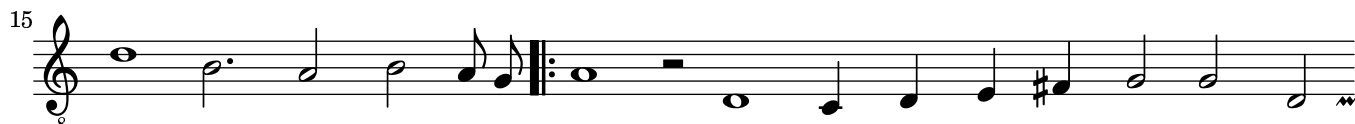
1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In best
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In weedes



frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde  
at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som-  
as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers



May all flow- ing, When skies blew silke, blew silke, and me- dows car-  
mers daies bee dimde, With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full, of doubt- ful, con-  
sorts in sow- ing, Some hap- ly seem- ing, seem- ing, and some be-



pets bee, Hir speech- es notes of that night bird that sing- eth, Who  
stant faith, Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen-  
ing yours, Raine on your hearbs and flow- ers that true- ly serve, And

1. 2.



thought all sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.  
tly thundr- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.  
let your weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

This part is marked *For a treble Violl.* although from the range, the viol players I know would play it on a tenor viol.



# XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring,

Quinto. For a treble Violl.

John Dowland

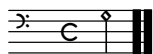


of that night bird that sing-eth, Who thought all sweet, who thought  
like raine and heat in Skies, Gen- tly thundr- ing, gen- tly  
and flow- ers that true- ly serve, And let your weeds, and let

1. 2.



all sweet, yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. eth.  
thun- der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. eies.  
your weeds, lack dew and due- ly sterve. sterve.



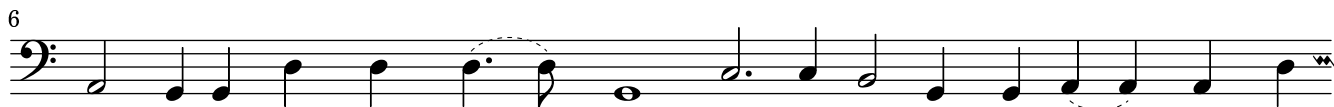
## XXI. Cleare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Cleare or cloud- ie sweet as A- prill showr- ing, Smoth or
2. Hir grace like June, when earth and trees bee trimde, In best
3. Sweet som- mer spring that breath- eth life and grow- ing, In weedes



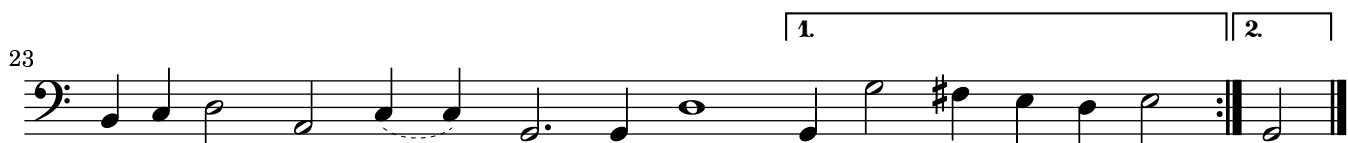
frown- ing so is hir face to mee, Pleasd or smil- ing like milde May all  
at- tire of com- pleat beaut- ies height, Hir love a- gaine like som- mers daies  
as in- to hearbs and flow- ers And sees of ser- vice di- vers sorts in



flow- ing, When skies blew silke and me- dows car- pets bee, Hir  
bee dimde, With lit- tle cloudes of doubt- full con- stant faith, Hir  
sow- ing, Some hap- ly seem- ing and some be- ing yours, Raine

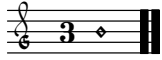


speech- es notes of that night bird that sing- eth, Who thought all  
trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies, Gen- tly thun-  
on your hearbs and flow- ers that true- ly serve, And let your



sweet yet Jar- ring notes out- ring- eth. Hir speech- es eth.  
der- ing, she light- ning to mine eies. Hir trust hir eies.  
weeds lack dew and due- ly sterve. Raine on your sterve.

<sup>1</sup>Original has a quarter note



## XXII. Humor say what mak'st thou heere

Canto.

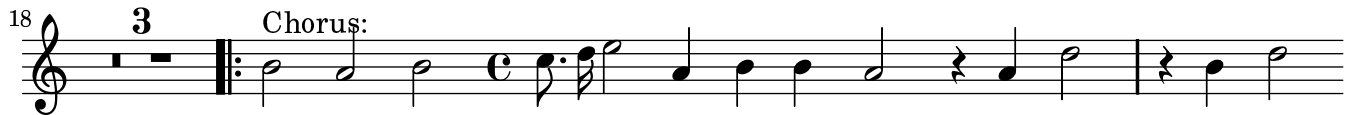
John Dowland



Hu- mor say what mak'st thou heere, In the pre- sence of a  
 O, I am as heavy as earth, Say then who is Hu- mor  
 Mirth then is drownde in sor- rowes brim, Oh, in sor- row all things



Queene, Thou art a hea- vy lead- en moode,  
 now. Why then tis I am drownde in woe,  
 sleepe, In hir pre- sence all things smile,



But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but that but that



but that that that that that that that which on- ly on- ly pleas- eth you.



## XXII. Humor say what mak'st thou heere

ALTO.

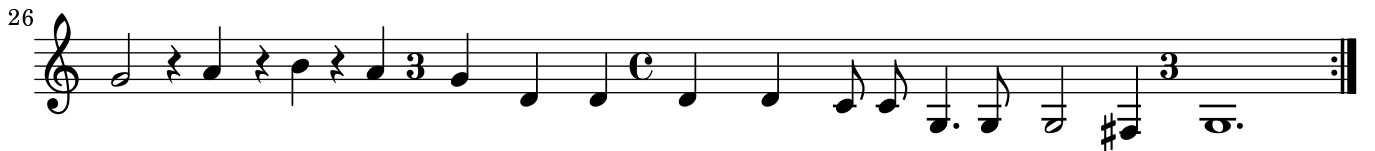
John Dowland



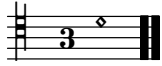
Hu- mor:



But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but that but that but



that that that that that that that that which on- ly one- ly pleas- eth you.



# XXII. Humor say what mak'st thou heere

Tenore.

John Dowland



Hu- mor:

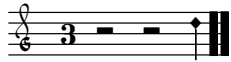


Chorus:

But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but that but



that but that that that that that that that which on- ly pleas- eth you.



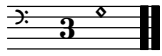
## XXII. Humor say what mak'st thou heere

*For a treble Violl*

Quinto. (1)

John Dowland

<sup>1</sup> This part is untexted in the original, but it looks like that may have been because there wasn't room on the page for the text, and the singer or viol player was expected to sing the words of the Basso part on the chorus.



## XXII. Humor say what mak'st thou heere

Basso.

John Dowland



Hu- mor:

Prin- ces hould con- ceit most  
I am now in- clind to  
No no foole the light's things

10



deere, all con- ceit in hu- mor seene:  
mirth, hu- mor I as well as thou.  
swim, hea- vie things sinck to the deepe:

Hu- more is  
No no wit  
Hu- mor fro-

19



in- ven- cion's foode: But ne- ver Hu- mor yet was true, but that but that but  
is cher- isht so,  
like then a while.

26



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# Bibliography

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